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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD
for the week ending Saturday, April 21, was
as follows:

MONDAY.....	96,200
TUESDAY.....	100,680
WEDNESDAY.....	106,580
THURSDAY.....	106,800
FRIDAY.....	103,300
SATURDAY.....	100,920

Average for the entire
Month of March.....

106,201

THE EVENING WORLD has a
larger circulation than any Evening
paper printed in English and is not
afraid to publish its figures or open
its books to the public.

THE SUNDAY WORLD to-morrow will be "a
corker." It will contain more matter than
an ordinary two-dollar book, and besides
covering the news of the earth will give a
large amount and spicy variety of entertain-
ing reading. BILL NIXON'S touching tale on
"May-Day Moving" will strike as many
responsive chords as can be awakened on a
"harp of a thousand strings."

DEATH'S ANGLING.

The highest merits of a cartoon are its
truthfulness and timeliness. How truthful
and pat was THE WORLD'S striking cartoon
picturing death angling for his victims from
a telegraph pole, with an electric wire in his
bony hand, was again proved by the instan-
taneous killing of a young German on the
Bowery last night.

It would seem that everybody ought to
know enough not to touch voluntarily and
needlessly, as this young man did, the death-
dealing wires. But every day brings its
proof that this knowledge and caution are
very far from universal.

An electric light company ought to be
made to suffer for placing lamps within reach
of persons on the street. Are the wires never
to go underground?

OIL AND WATER.

The capital of the Standard Oil Trust is
\$90,000,000, according to Secretary FALGOUT,
and the market value of the stock, \$50,000,-
000 more.

This is a refutation of the maxim that "oil
and water won't mix." Not one-half of this
\$140,000,000 represents money actually ex-
pended or invested in the business.

The average earnings upon this enormous
capitalization, according to Mr. FALGOUT,
have been 13 per cent. And yet the corpora-
tion organizes cities the relatively low price of
oil as a sufficient justification of this gigantic
monopoly.

The people don't see it in that light.

DEWEY SEES THE RABBIT.

CHAUNCEY DEWEY, one of the cleverest as
well as the most amiable and eloquent of
Americans, evidently doesn't take much
stock in the attempt to boom him for the
Presidency.

In his speech at the Grant Birthday ban-
quet last night Mr. DEWEY mentioned it as
a notable fact that "though we are the only
purely industrial nation in the world, we
have never selected a President from among
the great business men of the country." And
then he added the significant remark that
"the conditions and prejudices of success
present insuperable obstacles to such a
choice."

Well, there are prejudices against elevating
railroad Presidents to the White House, and
Dewey is too smart not to know it.

BRAINS PLAY BALL.

It takes something besides muscle, wind
and pluck to play baseball nowadays.

As in war it is the "thinking bayonet"
that wins, other things being anywhere near
equal, so in the American game it is gener-
ally brains that succeed.

The truth of this was illustrated in the
snatching of a victory by strategy—a quick,
bold conception swiftly and intelligently
carried out—by EWING in yesterday's game
with the Philadelphia.

When quick wit supplements good physical
qualities and perfect technique, then is
"great ball" played.

The accident on the Brooklyn Bridge yester-
day, due to a conductor's carelessness,
serves to emphasize the fact of the remark-
able safety of its system and management.
The transportation of 90,000,000 people with
no fatal accident heretofore shows that rid-
ing over the bridge is safer than walking the
streets.

Signatures to the petition to the Governor
to veto the bill cutting down the Saturday
half holidays two-thirds will be perfectly
good if written on Sunday. "The better the
day the better the deed." Push the peti-
tions!

The strange experience of bridegroom-elect
COCKS should teach gay young bucks to take
a trusty friend with them when they go to
bid adieu to bachelor delights.

GOOD THINGS FOR SUNDAY.

Lettuce, 5 and 10 cents.
Shallots, 15 cents a quart.
Lemons, 15 cents a dozen.
Tomatoes, 15 cents a quart.
Wax beans, 50 cents a quart.
White turnips, 5 cents a bunch.
Imported peas, 50 cents a pound.
California fruit confetti, 50 cents a pound.
Hot-house cauliflower, 50 cents; Southern, 25
cents.
Kennebec salmon, 65 to 75 cents a pound. Pom-
pano, 25 cents.

ON JERSEY CITY'S PAY-ROLL.

Fire Chief Parrier was a member of the old New
York Volunteer Department.
Street Commissioner Damont wears a military
slouch hat while traveling about the city.

Mike Nathan has a lovely tenor voice, an infat-
igable after-dinner entertainer to his friends.
Lamp Inspector "Tony" Conk and Capt. Moses
Newton are the biggest men on the pay-roll of the
Police Department.

President Davis, of the Police Board, is an old
detective, and is now President of the State De-
tective Association.

Supt. John Spelcher, of the Fire Alarm service,
spends all of his spare moments in perfecting his
system. His inventions have wrought great changes
in the old camoufage system.

HELLO! BROOKLYN!

Charles F. Pearson is out in the "new suit"
brigade.

C. H. Smith hardly looks like the father of a
three-year-old.

Dick R. Adick, Clerk of Justice Walsh's Court, is
a great favorite.

James Cowen, dressed exquisitely, is to be seen
on the street daily.

Charlie Powers may be seen crossing the bridge
every day, and his faultless attire attracts general
attention.

Jack McManis is one of the happiest men in
Brooklyn. He says the Bridgetowns are sure to
come out ahead.

Ex-Alderman Hadley, between instructing the
barber how to shave and the bookbinder how to
shine, seems to have a hard time of it.

"Good morning, Walter." "Good morning."
"Understand you are a father." "Yes, nearly
time, isn't it?" "I should think so." And Mr.
Hunt goes on his way smiling.

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT WIGWAGITES.

Alderman Richard Sullivan never misses a meet-
ing of the Board.

"I fight him Tammany Hall," is Louis Schnei-
der's favorite saying.

John H. McCoy has grown handsome under the
brim of a new silk hat.

Wonder who presented little Tommy J. Tully
with a gold-headed cane?

Oh, here comes a darling brother of a man. He is
William G. Byrne—handsome Billy.

No one can question that Michael Smith is the
model modest man of the district.

G. Washington Calkins is ready to tackle Patrick
Farrell in a Greeno-Roman struggle.

Ex-Assistant Alderman Eddie Brucks has ob-
tained a patent for bottled crowd.

Nicholas Meagher is admired for his beautiful
hair. He used a curry-comb when a lad.

Councilor Joseph H. Stiner would feel lonely
without his buttonhole and eye-glasses.

Capt. Owen Woods has become a property
owner, and his friends are on the borrow.

Have you heard the news? John McCormick
has had a swallow-tail built by contract labor.

Denis Duffy is no dufer in concocting a mixed
dish that reduces the eater to a maniac.

George Blanks never tires of telling how he
walked down the last Starvation Convention.

Ex-Assemblyman John R. McDermott is pre-
paring a history of the district for Harper's Monthly.

Frank Nerlie wants to know why the Growlers
always use their left hands in raising a glass of
beer.

WORLDLINGS.

The youngest cowboy in the world is Logan Mul-
hall. He is only six years old, but he owns and
manages a herd of over a hundred cattle in the
Cuyahoga Nation. He is worth \$1,900 in his own
right, and his profits this year will probably reach
\$500.

The oldest resident of Dakota is Cornelius
O'Leary, who lives near Elkton and is 114 years of
age. He was born in Ireland, and did not come to
this country until he had passed threescore and ten.
He reads without glasses and votes the Democratic
ticket.

The Rev. George Barnes, the famous evangelist
from the mountains of Kentucky, is a man of strik-
ing appearance. He is now sixty-six years old, is
six feet tall, and his straight, vigorous form shows
no signs of the stoop that comes from age. His
face shows strength of character and earnestness
in every line.

Two of the best-known bank Presidents of St.
Paul married women with Indian blood in their
veins, and the children of these unions are among
the most esteemed people of the city. Such mar-
riages were not uncommon in the Northwest in the
pioneer days, before white women began to come
to the frontier.

Chun Ling, a Chinaman, was received into mem-
bership of the fashionable Immanuel Baptist
Church, in Chicago, a few nights ago. He is the
first Chinaman to be united with the Baptist de-
nomination in Chicago, although the Methodists
number several Mongolians among their members
in that city and one belongs to the Presbyterian
Church.

The daily life of Alexander Dumas is a model of
regularity. He is out of bed by 4.30 in summer
and not later than 7 in winter. His first breakfast
consists solely of a glass of milk, and the second,
which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. He
dines at 7 and usually in bed by 10. Every day
he takes a walk of some length. All his work is
done before 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A Chicago man named Dean is lecturing on a
theory of evolution that annihilates Darwin. He
believes that man is a development from plants
through the brute kind. The Chinaman, he says,
arose from an alligator, the alligator from a pine
log and the pine from electricity in the earth. The
negro came from the gorilla, the Englishman from
the bulldog, the Irishman from the terrier and the
German from the goose.

As they couldn't settle the point the bodies
remained there for two days unattended to.
Finally the citizens got aroused about the
matter and got up a subscription list to defray
the expense of having the bodies dug out and
interred.

At that time there was no law on this point.
Now there is one which bids the Fire Depart-
ment to notify the Building Department when
their duties are finished to look after the
same.

These Cruel Medical Students.
[From Punch.]
(Doctor Carver has disappointed his quiz class to
dine with a wealthy patient.)
Butler (repeating after answering the front
door-bell)—Doctor, dey 's a semplemun outside
what say he come like you, he call call at har-
pas' serving, an' say Mrs. Lenox Hill want to see
you right away.

FIRE RESCUERS;
OR,
MEN OF MERIT.

By
John McLoose

Assistant Chief of Fire Department.
(Concluded.)

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE crowd watched the
whole proceeding with
breathless interest and
the greatest enthusi-
asm. It was a danger-
ous thing to attempt,
if he were to slip
from the hands of the
men who held him by
the heels he would cer-
tainly spatter the side-
walk with his brains.

There was nothing we could hold under
him, because the men had taken the cover
from the patrol wagon and tried to spread it
under the window, thinking the man would
jump, and a coal box had prevented their hold-
ing it so it would do much good as a jumping
blanket. Consequently nothing could be
done to prevent Clayton, if he were to be
dropped, from striking the sidewalk.

He got a good grip of the man under the
arms and bolstered to the men to pull them
back. It was quite a strain on them to hold
the dead weight of two men for two or three
minutes even. Fortunately no more time was
required than that. The interest of the
spectators increased as they saw the men in
the window holding on to Clayton for all they
were worth, and Clayton keeping a firm
grip on his man.

Fortunately no accident occurred. The
man in the nightgown was helped into the
window, and then they pulled in Clayton.
He was not hurt and suffered no worse harm
than getting very red in the face from being
held head downward. He breathed a little
quick from the strain it had been to hold the
man whom he had rescued.

He came downstairs with him, and brought
him over to me. "Here he is!" he said
triumphantly, but in a quiet tone of voice.
The crowd of bystanders applauded his feat,
and showed a generous admiration for his
pluck. But Luke Clayton was a modest man
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HER WAGES STILL DUE HER.

Suit of a Nervant Girl Who Took Her Mis-
tress's Property as Security.

Emily Conroy, a servant, sued Mrs. Mary
Skiff, her former employer, in Civil Justice
Jerome's Court to recover \$38 for wages due.

The defendant admitted that she owed the
defendant money, but accused her of
stealing silverware, jewelry and other articles
valued at \$70.

The defendant declared that she took the
property as security for her wages and had
been acquitted of wrongful motives in a
police court.

Justice Jerome gave judgment for the
defendant.

YIELDS BY FAR THE BEST HARVEST.

The Great Crowd Collected in Grand Street
by an "Evening World" Advertisement.

The business man who advertises—and the dealer
who does not advertise, may be set down as no
business man—is alert to the spirit of the times,
and there is a strong tendency to the starting in
advertisements, fitting to that spirit. On Thursday
R. Stern & Son, the manufacturing clothiers at 456
and 460 Grand street, announced in THE EVENING
WORLD that they would sell next day, from 3 to 5
P. M., knee trousers for youngsters at nine cents
per pair.

An EVENING WORLD reporter visited the locality
yesterday afternoon. He found a big policeman
valued at \$70.

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